SONG

FOR THE

King and Queen:

Written for

New-Years Day, 1694.

First Chorus.

BLow the Trumpet and proclaim the Feaſt;
Declare the Land has univerſal Reſt;
And call the Loyal Heart to be a welcom Gueſt.

Firſt Ode.

Begin the Day, begin the Year
With Gladneſs, with Triumphant Mirth!
With Muſick ſoften all the Air;
With Muſick charm the Brave, the Fair:
Salute the New-born Year;
And celebrate its Happy Birth:
Happy to Us! to All, their Country love!
What Bleſſings it preſents us in that Scene!
Yon Glorious Orb above;
See! there *Britannia* ſhines again.
Moſt the Old Year loud Storms aroſe,
And ſullen Clouds did Interpoſe:
But now, in all her Luſtre, is ſhe ſeen:
Britannia! in the King and Queen.
For ever may they Live, for ever may they Reign.

Second Chorus.

May the Bleſt Conſtellation Rule our Sky;
While Sun and Moon remain, Robe'd with full Majeſty.

Second Ode.

Behold! the Guardian Angels of our Land
Are come amongſt us, are come down:
A King! a Queen! who wou'd their People Crown
Crown 'em with all the Bliſs they can deſire.
The King! with Sword in hand
Still leading on Battalions, aims no higher;
No greater Glories labours to acquire.
The Queen! diſdaining all Ignoble Eaſe;
By all the Vertues, all her Allies joyn'd,
Daily drew up the Forces of the Mind;

By

Both to Defend, and Reale:
And, Arm'd with ſo much Goodneſs, overcame:
Thus gain'd the Great, the Wiſe *Eliſa*, laſting Fame.

Third Chorus.

What Tribute ſhall we pay?
What Trophies ſhall we raiſe?
Let all, this Lucky New-Years Day,
Offer up Immortal Praiſe;
With Oriſons for Length of Daies.
Such Tribute ſhould we pay!
Such Trophies ſhould we raiſe.

Third Ode.

Janus! thou God of Time,
Look into Ages paſt, and ſay,
What has been done, what mighty Things,
By Famous Heroes, Fighting Kings;
Princes, that did the *Brittiſh* Scepter ſway:
Survey the Preſent Reign, and then declare,
If *England* ever had a greater Man of War.
What Laurels has adorn'd that Heroes Sword!
Which St. *Euſebia* to her Rights reſtor'd.
That Sword! which did maintain *Juverna's* Cauſe;
Reſcu'd her from the *Gallick* Dragon's Jaws.
Albania! She was Sav'd too by his Arms;
Her Troubles ended in ſome few Alarms.

Fourth Ode.

But Fair *Britannia*! Princeſs of the Iſles,
She from abroad receives no Skars,
Nor Ruffled with the Storms of Civil Wars;
In perfect Beauty ſhe remains:
Under a Reverend Oak ſhe often ſits and ſmiles,
Aſcribing much to her Brave Queens Campaigns.
O Happineſs!——And yet we cry, we are undone;
The Manna in our Mouths we murmur on.

Laſt Chorus.

But hark! the Genius of our Land
Calls all his Tritons to the Shoar;
Apollo joyns 'em with his Band;
They Sing and Play, whilſt we Implore——
May the Succeſſes of the Growing Year,
Ballance our Sovereigns Conſtant Care:
May *Janus* in his Temple pleas'd appear,
And next Campaign ſhut up the Iron Gates of War.

LONDON: Printed for *Samuel Carr.*